

THE WORST DAY AT THE MORGUE

NO MORE ROOM FOR THE DEAD
—OVERFLOW ON PIER.Men With Lanterns Groped Among Ghastly
Tiers of Bodies—Masses of Land
Saved Girls—Despairing Husband At-
tempted Suicide—Stops the Music.

When Dr. J. C. Ayre, house physician at Bellevue, first heard of the accident, he secured a big Mercedes automobile and with Acting Superintendent Richard of Bellevue and two doctors, started for the scene. He was followed by two ambulances, each carrying three physicians. Commissioner Tully of the Charities Department suspended all routine business and sent his entire force of men and all his boats to the relief of the injured and to aid in the recovery of the dead. Preparations were made also at the Morgue.

Nearly all the policemen in the East Thirty-fifth street station were hurried to the scene of the accident, so twenty-five men from various precincts were assigned to duty. Shire, who took charge of the Morgue and the pier at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street.

Ropes were stretched across the shore end of the pier and the employees of the Charities Department began to carry into the Morgue hundreds of rough boxes which had been stored in Bellevue for just such an emergency.

A crowd began to gather at the Morgue about noon. One of the first to inquire about the dead was Mangus Hartung, a tailor, of 13 West Twenty-ninth street. He said that his wife and six young children were on the General Slocum.

Long before the first load of bodies arrived hundreds of men, women and children were pressing at the ropes and inquiring about their friends and relatives. One young man, Henry J. Smith, was asked from the burning steamer by jumping overboard, came to the Morgue to look for two of his brothers and several other relatives.

FIRST CARGO OF BODIES.

Shortly before 4 o'clock the Fidelity, which runs to Hart's Island, arrived at the Morgue with about thirty bodies. All but eight were women. One of the women, although burned beyond recognition, still had her hair combed and her face painted. The bodies on the Fidelity were picked up from the water. The boat had scarcely landed its cargo before the Massasoit arrived at the pier. The Morgue was filled by this time, and the bodies from the Massasoit were laid in long rows on the floor of the Charities Department Pier at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street.

An incident of the Massasoit's landing was a thrill through everyone at the pier. With the exception of the crew, the steamer would have been a floating morgue had it not been for two little girls who came down the river in her pilot house. The Massasoit rescued forty people from the burning wreck and left them all at North Brother Island except these two. The girls, Minnie Weiss, 11 years old, and Anna Ludemann, 12 years, were pulled out of the water by a life guard. Anna Ludemann was badly burned about the face, but Minnie Weiss was entirely unharmed.

Before Capt. Parkinson began to unload his cargo of more than eighty dead bodies he led the two girls off the boat. Commissioner Tully wanted to send Minnie Weiss, who lives at 1253 Third avenue, home in his carriage. As she walked out of the pier between the lines of employees, policemen and reporters, the great crowd outside set up a shout, and her friends and relatives rushed forward to take her.

The girl's face wore a dazed expression. Her blue dress was wet, but she was otherwise unharmed. Anna Ludemann was driven in Mr. Tully's carriage to her relatives, who live at Sixth street and Avenue A.

LIFE PRESERVERS ON FIRE.

Before leaving the pier Minnie Weiss told this story:

"My mother and cousin and I were forward on the second deck when the fire started. My brother was on the top deck. When we heard 'Fire,' my brother tried to get life preservers for mother, but they were all on fire. There was a big woman ran across the deck and jumped overboard. I saw her. I knew she was dead. The next thing I knew some men pulled me out of the water. I am sure my mother and brother are dead."

James Duane, the mate of the Massasoit, said that when he first saw the fire on the Gen. Slocum it was advancing along the deck as fast as he could run.

William C. Bence, who has charge of the city recreation piers, went to the Morgue soon after the Massasoit came in and said that he had a sister and several friends missing. So afraid was he of excursion boats that he went to see his sister and friends off on the General Slocum.

One of the persons who were allowed on the pier was the Rev. John A. W. Haas, minister of St. Paul's Lutheran German Church and a brother of the Rev. G. C. F. Haas. Mr. Haas told the reporters that his brother and sister-in-law had jumped overboard together. The pastor was helping his wife along when a man jumped in between them. Mrs. Haas sank and did not rise again.

It was nearly 7 o'clock before the police allowed the crowd to enter the Morgue to look at the bodies. As the people filed in their faces wore a stolid expression, but as they came out every here and there a man or woman was crying.

WEIRD SCENE ON THE PIER.

The crowd grew larger as the evening advanced, and when the doors of the pier were opened and the people allowed to view the rows of bodies, the men, women and children extended in a solid mass half way to First avenue.

When the electric lights were turned on they were not sufficient to light the big pier. Attendants ran about with lanterns and held them above the long rows of bodies, making a weird scene.

The Franklin Edison of the Fire Department came in about 10 o'clock with sixty men. The crowd by this time had become so great that it filled the block on First and Second streets between the pier and First avenue. The twenty-five policemen originally sent to the pier were unable to cope with it and were reinforced with fifty men. When the throng learned that the Franklin Edison was in it surged forward, broke down the ropes and smashed into the doors of the pier. Inspector McLaughlin, Captain Shire and his men had great difficulty in holding the crowd back.

The music from the recreation pier at the foot of East Twenty-fourth street could be heard so plainly on the pier where the majority of the bodies lay, last night, that Acting Superintendent Rickard sent word to Bandmaster Morillo and asked that it be stopped. It was done immediately, and the crowd from the pier at once joined the throng in front of the Morgue.

One man went to the Morgue in search of the three Vollmer children—Magdalene, Minnie and Joseph. Joseph is 17 years old. He worked as an office boy at 5 Broome street, and at a fire there last Saturday was the elevator after the regular man had

quit, saving a number of lives. The man in search of him went away without finding any one.

NIGHT ON THE PIER.

As the night fell and the crowd went on became more and more eager, the electric lights glimmered fitfully upon the waxen or charred faces in the boxes lined along the pier.

"Every moment some one would cry out: 'Isn't this she?'"

Then a policeman with a lantern would hurry to the spot and the body would be either identified or the wretched searchers would move wearily on.

There were only a few cases of violent emotion. A few men wept as they gave the police the names, ages and so on of persons identified. A man who recognized his wife's body, that of Lily Graffing of 988 Avenue A, fell in a heap upon the remains and cried.

"This is Lily! This is Lily!"

Two friends with him carried him aside and assured him it was not his wife. Then one of them came back and told the policeman that she really was.

One man, who did not give his name, fell upon the remains of his wife, kissed her face and before any one knew what he was had drawn a clasp knife and stuck it into his throat. The police took him in the direction of Bellevue Hospital, but later, inquiry failed to ascertain the man's name or any record of the case. His injury was presumably not serious.

The father and mother of Minnie Klenck, 19 years, old of 488 Sixth street, an only child came in to get a permit to remove the body, and both seemed calm. Suddenly the mother broke out in a dry tearless wail.

"She was not burned; she was drowned."

"She kept repeating this over and over, walking up and down in a frenzy."

STILL MORE DEAD.

At 9:30 the Franklin Edison came in with seventy-four more bodies. By that time a great number of bodies had been removed by friends.

The Minnabokk of the Department of Charities was the fourth steamer to arrive. It brought its cargo of eighty-three bodies to the pier at about 11 o'clock. Again the crowd surged forward, but the police once more held back the rush.

Alderman J. J. Smith of the Twelfth district was searching the Morgue and the pier at a late hour last night for his fifteen-year-old daughter Margaret.

Many of the bodies were identified by the jewelry on their fingers. Emily Rophman was burned beyond recognition, but her husband recognized two diamond rings and the wedding ring on her fingers.

HELPFUL EFFORTS.

The First Brigade of the Naval Militia, under Capt. W. Franklin, kept two launches running all afternoon and evening between the scene of the disaster and the Morgue.

The Metropolitan Traction Company, without request from any one, sent over a squad of men to put up clusters of electric lights on North Brother Island.

Coroner Henning of the Bronx made out the permits for the removal of the bodies after they were identified, while Coroner's Physician A. W. Schultz viewed the bodies as they were being removed by the undertakers. Arrangements were made for the work to continue all night.

At 10 o'clock a line three or four deep and half a block long was slowly and dumbly moving into the entrance to the dock. Every face in this crowd was drawn and pale. No one spoke. All that could be heard was the rattle of ice carts and undertakers' wagons.

ONLY HIS WIFE LEFT.

John Weiss of 167 Avenue A went to the Morgue at midnight. He identified the bodies of his mother, Tilly Weiss, and his ten-year-old daughter, Emily.

"Thank God, I've my wife left," he said. "Besides my mother and child I've lost a sister, Salome, 15 years old, and two brothers, Fred, 18 years old, and Jacob, 12 years old."

"My wife jumped overboard with little Emily in her arms. Some one in the water got hold of my wife's foot and pulled so hard that she had to let go of the child. A tug picked my wife up. She's home now."

THEIR CLOTHING LOST.

F. M. Klenck of 1393 Washington avenue, Bronx, identified his mother, Meta Klenck, and his daughter, Ethel. His wife, he said, was at Lebonon Hospital. His two sisters, Mrs. Henry Felling of 101 West 129th street, and Mrs. O. E. Erking of 1028 Hudson street, were burned and bruised, scorching ashore at North Brother Island with scarcely a stitch of clothing left on them.

The nurses gave them some spare uniforms and after a little they got home safely.

CARE FOR JEWELRY.

To prevent the theft of jewelry and other personal belongings, all the bodies were searched at North Brother Island. The coroners took charge of all jewelry found there. Many things escaped the searchers there, however, and were taken in charge by the police at the Morgue.

As the bodies were landed there the police were taken from them and put in envelopes marked with the name number as that on the tag with which the body was docketed.

POLICE FIRM BUT GENTLE.

Scenes of Agony in Crowd That Lined
Manhattan Water Front.

When the news of the catastrophe spread through the Bronx, it seemed as if every man, woman and child for miles around rushed to the river front. The shore was black with excited people all the way from 125th to 150th street. The crowd passed back for blocks in the side streets, every eye strained northward toward the island, where the charred hull of the General Slocum was beached, and where men stripped to their waists could be seen in the water dragging out bodies and making the bottom of the river.

At first there was an odd silence in the big crowd. Then men and women from the neighborhood of St. Mark's Church, seeking relatives and friends, burst into the great mass of Bronx residents, sobbing, shrieking, praying for one word of news.

No one knew who had been saved or who had died. Questions were asked impossible of answer.

All the way along the river front for a mile or more, fathers and mothers stood on the shore among sympathizing thousands and looked out over the water to the shore at North Brother Island. Agonized looks were sobbing out the names of their missing ones, wailing and screaming in never-to-be-forgotten tones.

Men and women fell on their knees before the police guarding the river shore and begged to be allowed to go to North Brother Island in the hope of finding in the mass of corpses heaped upon the sandy beach some one they were seeking. The police were firm. They had to be, but the way they handled those tortured men and women will be a bright page in their record.

WAIT! WAIT! WAIT!

"You can't go. That is no place for friends or relatives," they said. "Your people may not be there. Just think a bit. You have got more than an even chance."

God knows we feel for you, but you must stay here and wait, wait, wait!"

Except the tugs, launches and rowboats used by newspaper men, police and city officials in various departments, no boats were allowed to land along the shore. All trafficking of that sort was absolutely prevented. There were plenty who sat in boats out in the river eager to take crosses over at a dollar a head, but the police sternly ordered all such off shore and threatened to arrest them if they persisted. None but reporters, relief crews and officials was inside the lines which the police drew rigidly.

For some reason the pier at 138th street was the centre of the tremendous crowd. The trolley line ended there and it was convenient of access from all parts of town. Cars came to the dock every two or three minutes packed like sardines. This went on from noon until darkness hid the grim business up the river. Automobiles with pretty women in them puffed up. In some cases their occupants got out and did their best toward helping to cheer up the suffering ones. All afternoon cabs, buggies, runabouts, vehicles of all descriptions, came, adding constantly to the crowd. But the police at all times had perfect control of the situation.

LANDING THE BODIES.

The bodies taken to the Alexander avenue station were landed at 138th street between 11:30 and 2 o'clock. During those hours the crush was greatest. Lines of policemen kept the crowd at that point one block back from the river, so that the patrol wagons carrying the dead would not be impeded; still more to keep the hysterical people who were seeking relatives from a sight of the dripping, distorted corpses. Often a desperate man or a frenzied woman would make an attempt to rush through the line, but none got through.

"You must not see these here in the street," the police would say.

The mass of people stretched from the 138th street dock for ten blocks along that street clear to the Alexander avenue station.

SEEKING NEWS AT THE CHURCH.

Information Bureau There—Families Almost Wiped Out.

No organized effort was made in the neighborhood of St. Mark's Church in East Sixth street to satisfy the demands for information that were being made at the church. Had the pastor of St. Mark's, Rev. J. J. Smith, been in the church, he would have been able to give information for the families of the victims. The church was a place of refuge for many of the victims, and the pastor of St. Mark's, took charge of affairs, and with the help of the newspaper men opened up a bureau of information in the church vestibule.

A telephone was put in, tables were arranged in long rows, policemen were stationed at the entrance to the church, and the church was a place of refuge for many of the victims.

The application for the writ was based upon the request of the Corporation of the United States as being isolated in this State by the acts of the militia. The question which will be determined by the United States courts is whether the conditions now prevailing in the mining districts of Cripple Creek and Telluride in this State can continue.

Bellevue, N. Y., reached here Gov. Peabody had abolished martial law in San Miguel county, where Mayor was being held by the military, and Mayor had been turned over to the civil authorities. Gov. Peabody is a delegate to the Republican national convention and took this action to avoid complications with the peace.

Thirty-seven miners departed from Cripple Creek yesterday were landed in New Mexico at daylight this morning. They are being held at the New Mexico State Prison at Antonio, awaiting funds from the Western Federation.

The first of the survivors to get down to the district around the church was Lily Manheimer, a twelve-year-old girl, of 85 East Seventh street. She was brought down by Miss Clara Steiner, who found her weeping near the scene of the accident. Her clothes were wet and she was burned, but she could not tell how she got there. She was brought by a crowd when she got near her home and had to be taken up on a man's shoulders and carried into her home.

While the crowd at the church was the biggest, two small boys were found sitting on the steps. They were told to run home. "We're waiting for our mothers," they said. There is no one home. "We've been there. We were on the boat and jumped."

The boys said that they were Ernest Meyer, 8 years old, of 41 East Fifth street, and Conrad Ellick, 8 years old, of 433 East Fifth street.

Just before the Miller boy's mother pushed into the church.

"Ernie, oh, my Ernie," she cried and tried to hug both boys at once. Then they began to cry too, and the mother took them home.

One visitor at the church last night had lost both his children. He declared that he was going to kill himself and when he left the church a policeman was at his heels. The policeman gave him some good advice and he promised not to do away with himself. He was still in the crowd crying at a late hour last night.

The streets around St. Mark's Church were full of undertakers' wagons all night. They were waiting for the bodies to be taken to the Morgue. The undertakers were waiting for the bodies to be taken to the Morgue.

DESPAIR PROMPTS SUICIDE.

Two Attempts by Bereaved Relatives Reported by the Police.

Two attempted suicides last night, one at the Battery and another in Avenue D, were said to have been a consequence of the burning of the General Slocum.

GARVAN IN THE TENDERLOIN.

On a Mission to the Police Which May Have to Do With the Slocum.

Assistant District Attorney Garvan, who had spent the greater part of the afternoon and much of the night inquiring into the Slocum disaster, appeared at the Tenderloin police station at 115 o'clock this morning. Mr. Garvan was dressed for an evening out, and he was accompanied by a man who had been the purpose of his visit.

"It is a matter which I am not at liberty to speak about," said the Assistant District Attorney.

"But you have been inquiring into the burning of the General Slocum, has this visit any connection with the disaster?" he was asked.

"Well, it may have," said Mr. Garvan. "Capt. Cottrell was equally uncommunicative."

Soon after Mr. Garvan had departed three detectives hurried away from the station. They refused to say where they were going.

MAYOR ACTS PROMPTLY.

And Finds the Police as Prompt—As to a City Investigation.

When the Mayor heard of the calamity he sent out messages asking that all the surgeons available in the city hospitals be sent to the scene and that all patrol wagons and ambulances, together with the police boats, be despatched. He directed Commissioner McAdoo to employ such other boats as might be needed and to spare to expense in providing adequate facilities for the saving of life and for the recovery of bodies. Later in the day the Mayor said:

"It is only fair that I should explain

that every suggestion I had to make had been anticipated by the Police and Fire departments."

Asked if he contemplated ordering an investigation like the one made by the city authorities of Chicago after the Iroquois Theatre fire, the Mayor said he would have to wait to learn all the facts.

"I do not know yet," he explained, "if the city authorities have any power over boats like the General Slocum. I understand that the power of supervision over these boats belongs to the Federal officials."

WEDDING RING SOLE CLUE.

Ansel Makes Five Mistaken Identifications in Seeking Wife's Body.

John Ansel of 103 East Fourth street, who with two young sons were on the Slocum, picked out on one another of five bodies at the Alexander avenue station as that of his wife. The man was crazy with grief.

He told the police that early in the day he had received a message from General Slocum telling of the death of his father, and within five minutes heard of the disaster to the Slocum, on which were his wife and children.

Coroner Berry got from Ansel the initials on the inside of his wife's wedding ring, and a book which was not one of those picked out by Ansel, but which had already been identified by the dress as that of Mrs. Elizabeth Diehl of 905 East Fifth street.

It was found that the wedding ring was all that made identification possible.

KLEIN'S WHOLE FAMILY LOST.

Police Around Wife Agent's House to Keep a Curious Crowd Out.

Several policemen had to work hard last night to keep back the crowds in front of the residence of Edward Klein, at 15 Avenue A, who lost his entire family in the disaster. Klein is a wine dealer. He is one of the best known Germans on the East side. His annual holidays in Sulzer, Harlem River Park were always attended by thousands. He was a member of a score of German societies.

Fright for Trinity Chapel People.

The Sunday schools of St. John's and St. Luke's churches of Trinity parish went on an excursion to Dalley Grove, on the Sound, yesterday. When the first news of the disaster spread downtown many parents got the idea that the calamity had befallen the Trinity excursion, and a crowd besieged the chapel in Varick and Hudson streets. At length a curate purchased a number of evening newspapers and distributed them in the neighborhoods in which the false rumors were spreading fast. In that way much anxiety was relieved.

MINERS GO TO FEDERAL COURT.

Gov. Peabody Ordered to Produce Meyer in St. Louis.

DENVER, Col., June 15.—Judge Thayer of the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals at St. Louis to-day issued an order commanding the Governor of Colorado to produce Charles H. Meyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, before the court.

The application for the writ was based upon the request of the Corporation of the United States as being isolated in this State by the acts of the militia. The question which will be determined by the United States courts is whether the conditions now prevailing in the mining districts of Cripple Creek and Telluride in this State can continue.

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"PARISAL" IN ENGLISH.

Col. Savage Home From Abroad Tells His Plans for the Opera.

Col. Henry W. Savage, who arrived from Europe late on Tuesday night bringing news of the wonderful success of the "Prinz of Pilsen" in London, had this to say yesterday about his coming production of "Parisal" in English.

He has engaged Mme. Kirkby Lunn, of New York, to sing Kundry, alternating with the French version of the opera. He has also engaged a soprano, a tenor and a bass. He is the foreign manager of the "Parisal" in America.

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BREWSTER BACHMANN'S SANITY.

Son Has Commission Appointed, but His Father's Partners Oppose.

A Sheriff's jury, summoned by the Sheriff of Richmond county, held an inquiry last evening into the mental condition of Frederick Bachmann, the head of the Bachmann Brewing Company at Clifton, Staten Island.

Mr. Bachmann's son, William, applied to the county judge for a commission to examine his father as to his ability to attend to business matters.

Melvin L. Decker, Edward M. Muller and Dr. John L. Sprague were appointed commissioners and they asked for a preliminary hearing on Friday morning.

Mr. Bachmann's condition was not harmful to the business. Decision was postponed for a week.

Ex-Gov. Nash Seriously Ill.

COLUMBIA, Ohio, June 15.—Ex-Gov. George K. Nash is in a serious condition at his home here. He has just suffered an attack of heart trouble, from which he rallied with great difficulty. Fear is felt over his condition.

OBITUARY.

Commander William H. Nauman, U. S. N., died at his home in Woodford, Me., yesterday. He was a Pennsylvanian, who entered the Naval Academy in 1868, and upon graduation was assigned to the Sigsbee. He finished his last cruise in 1898. His last assignment was at the Puget Sound Navy Yard.

Trumpeter William Lewis, 45 years of age, who has been dead bugler at West Point for the last fifteen years, died suddenly yesterday morning of heart failure, leaving a widow and six children.

Huntington—Butler.

ST. JAMES, I. I., June 15.—Susan Louisa Butler, daughter of the late Prescott Hall Butler, and Francis Cleveland Huntington son of the Rev. Dr. William R. Huntington, rector of Grace church, New York city, were married here to-day in St. James's church.

FOR SIX DAYS A FUGITIVE.

HUNGER COMPELS BURKARTH
TO SURRENDER.

Escaped From the Sheriff After Sentence for Attempted Wife Murder He Has Lived in a Dense Adirondack Forest on Dandelions and Wintergreen.

Utica, June 15.—After six days of freedom, following his desperate break for liberty while awaiting transfer to Auburn prison, where he was to begin serving a sentence of three years for attempting to murder his divorced wife, Henry S. Burkarth again is a prisoner in the Utica jail. For six days he baffled the efforts of his pursuers, living in the deep underbrush of the Adirondack forest, near Gray, Herkimer county, and subsisting on dandelions and wintergreen. When made desperate by lack of food and water—for in six days he had but a single meal—Burkarth last yesterday afternoon made known his identity to the farmers' aids, who procured him food and water and afterward delivered him to the authorities.

As a result of the terrible privations he experienced while eluding capture, Burkarth is a physical and mental wreck. It is unlikely that he will ever wholly regain his reason. When brought to the jail at midnight last night his pockets were filled with dandelions and wintergreen, which he ate ravenously. He wore only a waistcoat, hat, shirt, trousers and shoes, and these were in tatters, the fugitive having walked nearly one hundred miles, swam three rivers and ridden twenty-five miles with farmers. And when he finally surrendered he was within thirty-five miles of the point from which he started.

His former wife, for whose attempted murder he was sentenced and with whom he was perfecting plans for their remarriage at the moment of his break for freedom, now avers that the reconciliation is off and she will never see him again because of his attempt to defeat the ends of justice.

Burkarth, in his lucid moments, describing the close pursuit of him by possees of deputies, says that on one occasion as he lay in the thick underbrush he could have reached out his hand and touched his pursuers. On another occasion he sat in a tree and listened to the deputies lay plans for his capture.

J. D. SMITH SERIOUSLY ILL.

Ex-Commander of the New York Yacht Club Confined to His Yacht.

STAMFORD, Conn., June 15.—James D. Smith, former commander of the New York Yacht Club, is critically ill on his yacht. He has been confined to his yacht since the morning of June 10, when he was taken ill. His illness is of such a nature, being a complication of ailments resulting from gout and rheumatism, that his friends fear that he may never be able to leave his yacht.

Mr. Smith yesterday entertained the Connecticut Mayors' Association, of which he is an honorary member, aboard his yacht. The arrangements for the affair were made several months ago when the association decided to hold its June meeting in Stamford, and the commodore insisted on having the plans carried out. He was carried out to a hammock on the deck.

Several weeks ago Mr. Smith went to live on his yacht, and has not been ashore since. He is a member of the American Yacht Club, and during the past year he has been a member of the Yachting Association, and is a member of the New York Stock Exchange. He is a brother of Charles Stewart Smith.

SUB-RIVER TUNNEL THROUGH.

Last Section of the Piece Under the Harlem River Put in Place.